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## Poetry.

From the Zanesville Courier.  
**Our Country's Defender.**

Air—The Red, White and Blue.

When war breathed its hot desolation,  
And threatened the land to deform,  
Brave Scott stood forth for the nation  
And breast the death dealing storm.  
With his plume proudly waving above him—  
His sword flashing courage around,  
Each heart that beats near him must love him  
Till death lays it cold in the ground.

Then huzza for our country's protector,  
Her son, her sword, and her shield—  
The spirit that soon must direct her  
In Cabinet, Congress and field.  
Then huzza! about the round ready chorus,  
Let the star-spangled banner still wave,  
For Scott its defender's before us,  
To rescue, defend and to save.

Give honor to him who deserves it,  
The statesman and warrior combined—  
He deserves, of a country, who serves it,  
The very best gift of mankind.  
Then let us to work, flagging not, boys!  
Till reward meets the brave and the true,  
Three round, hearty cheers then for Scott,  
Who bears our proud Red, White and Blue.

### The Character of Locofocoism.

Gen. Scott has been in the military service of the country 44 years, during which period he has received as compensation for his services, the sum of \$247,000.—*Locofoco Paper.*  
"There," says the Worcester Eagle, "you have the character of Locofocoism. It can rob the treasury of \$200,000 for Thomas Ritchie, but it grudges the war-worn veteran his pay and rations! It can seize upon a \$100,000 over-charged mileage for its noisy Congressmen; but it calculates closely the triumph of our arms! It has filled the pockets of whole platoons of defaulter with stolen money; but it thinks the terrors of Fort George, Chippewa and Lundy's Lane too dearly paid for! It has fanned half of the Locofocos of Virginia with the enormous profits of naval contracts; but it would have the great military hero of America, storm Gibraltar of the Gulf, and the heights of Cerro Gordo, carry our colors in triumph at Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco and Chapultepec, and find himself! It charges the soldier with his quartermaster's salary; but it is unwilling to carry out a credit for the years with which he has covered himself, and the glories with which he has gained his country!"

ANECDOTE OF SCOTT.—One of our citizens, an industrious and well known mechanic, whose veracity is unquestionable, related to us yesterday the following interesting anecdote of Scott, which took place at Cleveland, a part of the time he was sent on the important duty of arranging the Canada difficulty, by President Van Buren. The morning after his arrival at Cleveland, he was walking up a street, when glancing his eye in a painting and glazing shop, well recollected by the citizens of Cleveland, he saw the proprietor, Mr. Hanks. The General wheeled and marched in.  
"Good morning Mr. Hanks," said he, as he took the painter's hand—"do you recollect me?"  
"General Scott, I believe," replied Hanks, "but how could you recollect me?"  
"From having once seen you under no very ordinary circumstances. The last time I saw you, you were in the hottest part of the battle of Lundy's Lane. Of three drums, two had been destroyed by the fire of the enemy. But one drum was left, and for that the three drummer boys were fighting, when a cannon ball killed two of them. The third one was yourself."  
"True, true, every word of it," replied the man with emotion.  
"But, my brave fellow," said the General, "how did you lose your leg?" observing the man's deficiency of one limb.  
"I lost it at the battle of Lundy's Lane, while carrying that drum."—*Ind and Journal.*

THE TWO SEXES.—When a rickish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned.—But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed she receives the stigmatizing brand of society, and is hounded driven from the way of virtue.—The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed, but his ruined, heart-broken victim soon finds, "there is no peace for her this side of the grave."—Scott, "thy voice of hope—no smile of sympathy—no voice unknown to heaven—There are earthly morals—there is wrong in them, and fearful will be the consequences."

SCOTT AND PIERCE ON RIGHT OF PETITION.—I have, from the first, been of the opinion that Congress was bound by the Constitution to receive to refer, and to report upon petitions relating to domestic slavery as in the case of all other petitions.—*Scott's Letter to Virginia in 1846.*

When petitions of this character should be received, he would be prepared to act upon them without delay, to reject the prayer of the petitioners, to lay them on the table, or to give them any other direction that might be thought best calculated to silence the agitators and to tranquillize the public mind.—*Pierce's Speech in Congress on the Right of Petition.*

The projectors of the trans-Atlantic telegraph via Iceland and Greenland, seem determined to push it through without delay. They estimate the total cost, including all the apparatus necessary, at \$2,000,000. This sum they propose to raise by subscription, in 2,500 shares of \$20 each. Some of the projectors expect to have it in operation, in the course of the ensuing year.

A letter from Chester county, Pa., to an eastern paper, says:—"We have a great many Irishmen here, and they will, nearly to a man, vote for Scott and Graham. There are twenty within our borough—all heretofore locofocos—who will vote out straight with us."

# CARROLL FREE PRESS.

"The Union of the States and the Constitution of the Union."

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CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, October 8, 1862.

WHOLE NUMBER 1063

SAM HOUSTON.—Has been making political speeches in Ohio. In the progress of the one at Columbus, he made the false assertion that the Whig towns of New Hampshire voted to retain the Catholic test, and the Democratic towns against it. This assertion was probably owing to the ignorance of the Senator, but it was false, nevertheless. Besides, it refutes itself, why have they not done it? They have had the power for a whole generation.

This very fair Senator likewise stated, that the Rev. Mr. Foss who reported Gen. Pierce's New Boston Speech, was a horse-thief, and had been in the State Prison! Mr. Foss is a Baptist clergyman, in good and regular standing in that denomination.

Had not Sam Houston better be sent for again to lecture in New England?—*Hartford Cour.*

VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.—The Caddo Gazette mentions the following, which we think looks very like "a whale":

"A corn-stalk from the plantation of Hoyer Holland, of Paloma county, Texas, bore on every joint an ear of corn on a long stem; the two lowest were of an average size, the two next eight or ten inches long, and the others very respectable bunnies, and to crown the whole, an ear six inches long came out through the tassel, and the tassel itself in many places was covered with large grains."

### Why we should vote for Gen. Scott.

SPEECH OF JUDGE CONRAD, OF PHILADELPHIA, AT THE HARRISBURGH MASS CONVENTION.

I am proud of my native State for many things—for her patriotism and power, for her glorious past, and her mighty future—but for nothing more than her honest gratitude to our national benefactors, from Washington down to Scott; and it is with no ordinary exultation, therefore, that I greet and congratulate you on this proof that the sons of the Keystone are as ready to reward great deeds as to achieve them; and that, if the bosom of her hills has iron for her country's foes, their brows are rich in laurels for her champions.

Before I ascend this stand, a respectable citizen said to me, "If you address us, forget that you are a Whig, and tell us—all party considerations aside—why you ask us to vote for General Scott." Forget that I am a Whig! When I can forget that Franklin and Jefferson, Washington and Clay, were Whigs—when I can forget that it is a distinction baptized in the pure blood of the revolution, and hallowed by the genius and patriotism of our country's noblest spirits—when I can forget that its principles are the vital air which liberty breathes, and that its policy is the palladium of the Union and the glory of my country—when my reason forgets its inmost convictions and my heart its holiest duties—when, in short, my right hand forgets her cunning, then, in that starless midnight of the mind, I may forget that I am a Whig; but tell them, never. It is the political faith of truth and right—a faith glorious alike in victory and defeat, in good report and evil report. I have given it my youth and manhood; my health, hope and fortune; and having thus long lived in it, I will, if Providence vouchsafes me an unclouded reason, die by it.

But I am also a Democrat—for a Democratic Whig is the best of Democrats—and respecting the sincerity of the masses that constitute the party to which I am opposed, I willingly comply with the request to state why I ask your votes for General Scott. For I do ask them—earnestly ask them, believing that your dearest rights and interests are involved in your action. I will speak frankly and plainly; and trust that you will bear me without prejudice, and decide, not for faction, but for the right, for public justice and public gratitude.

I first ask your votes for Winfield Scott, because you are compelled to choose between him and Franklin Pierce. There is no other choice. To vote for a third candidate is the suicide of suffrage. It is to nullify a privilege and to skulk a duty; it is neutrality, and the neutrality of a freeman is the crime of a slave. I hold that Franklin Pierce is not only inferior—how inferior!—to Gen. Scott, but that he is, per se and positively, unfit for the presidency. Hear my reasons.

One of the most vital of the liberties of the people—one bought with blood, sanctified by time and secured by charter—is the Right of Petition—a right inestimable to us and "formidable to tyrants only." No freemen would brook its abatement in the weight of a hair.—It was cheaply bought and would be cheaply preserved, with an ocean of blood. Yet Franklin Pierce, by his vote in Congress, denied and sought to destroy that right. Therefore, is he unfit.

Equal in sacredness to that liberty—superior to all else—is Religious Freedom—the right to worship God without kneeling in fetters.—Franklin Pierce is the leader of the party in New Hampshire which denies that freedom to a portion of her people—no matter what portion—denies it by constitutional enactment. That party controlled the question; Franklin Pierce controlled that party; but he neither exerted that power, nor, when occasion offered, opened his "line in or out of the Convention, to utter a word, on poor word, for the most sacred of human rights trampled down at, under, his very feet.

He is unfit, further, because he represents a platform of principles the most odious and destructive.—(Here some of the overcrowded benches fell, creating a momentary confusion.) That fall is ominous of the fate of his platform and his party—first a crash—(applause)—and then the shouts of an exulting people. He is unfit, also, because he is allied, at the South, with the rakes and most arrogant foes of the Union—men who would tear the constitution in shreds, and whose thrones were to be built on the ruins of the Union; and at the North, with a pliant and hungry horde ready to kiss those thrones or to wear them, if the majesty of the South deign to give them a kick or cast them a copper.

But more than all is he unfit, because he takes a nomination made in fraud, and in defiance of the known will of the party constituency represented—or rather betrayed—on a monstrous and measureless outrage upon republican principle. That nomination was made, not merely notwithstanding Pierce was inferior to the eminent statesman suggested by the people, but because he was thus inferior—that inferiority being his sole merit and their sole motive. What else can be pretended? True, he is

urged as a hero; but his military achievements, what are they? Nothing. He is commended, also, as a statesman; but what are his civil triumphs? Nothing. In war, what battle did he win, or help to win? None. In peace, what principle has he illustrated? None. What measures did he carry in Congress? Again, none. What work has he produced at home? Still, none. The celebrated Rochester displayed his ingenuity by a poem on "Nothing"; the Locofoco Convention adopted the same subject. His history is a blank—his exploits a dream—his claim a shadow. Nothing constitutes his career, nothing warranted his nomination, nothing can effect his election; for as his merits are nothing, nothing can come of nothing.

I regard this contemptuous trifling with so sacred a duty, as full of fearful peril. Our government can survive earthquakes from below and torrents of fire from above—anything but self-contempt. To degrade the Presidency, that most august of human trusts, is a crime without an equal, a treason against the life and honor of the republic. Its effect, if not its object, is to deprive the Constitution of its guardians, by driving the gifted and patriotic into retirement or exile; and to debase the highest office to the lowest end, by placing it in the hands of an imbecile and obscure tool of faction—some *Didus Julianus* of the political prior band. Wo to the land where such a profanation can, with impunity, be attempted. But I have no fear. The orb that rose in 1776, and has flooded the world with its radiance, can never decline into the lank ocean of shame. The dignity that was occupied by Washington, is still hallowed in the eyes and hearts of the people; when it ceases to be, freedom will cease to be.

The triumphs of Scott have ever arisen, not from the weakness of his enemy, for he has always had "foemen worthy of his steel"—but from his own superior genius and valor. So be it now; for I would rather dwell on his claims than on his rival's deficiencies. Why should we vote for Gen. Scott? I will answer.

Some forty-five years since, a youthful student sat in the office of a sage of the Old Dominion, B. Watkins Leigh, and pondered on the condition of his country and the duty that he owed her. The times were out of joint.—The nations seemed loosened from their moorings, and were driven and clashing on the waves of an almost universal war, like icebergs in a polar tempest. Our own bright land did not escape the storm. Hurling had been outraged on every sea; her sons dragged into slavery, and even forced to raise a parricidal arm against their country. War was inevitable, and at fearful odds—a war not only for honor and freedom, but for existence itself. Was it well that, that gifted student, every pulse of whose heart beat for his country, should nurse his schemes of tranquil ambition, when such a peril and such a duty involved him? No; and his high brow glowed and his quick eye flashed as he vowed himself, for life or death, for his country.

By that resolve was Winfield Scott—every faculty of his high nature, every drop of his noble heart—dedicated to the duties of patriotism. Never was a purer offering laid upon a holier altar; and for that noble resolve and its nobler fulfillment, do I now claim your admiration and gratitude.

The gathering clouds soon burst upon our country. She struggled, but her heart seemed, for a time, faint and her arm nerveless. Calamity followed calamity, until, in the base surrender of Hull, treason and reproach were added to her afflictions. Her heart swelled her frame quivered with rage, and she shed hot tears of shame and sorrow. One patriot there was who determined that the gulf of shame into which that of Curious should be closed, though it entombed him; and he offered himself a sacrifice. In the desperate struggle on the heights of Queenstown, death itself seemed to shrink from his daring. "You are the target of every rifle; cover your uniform with this coat," said Kearney to Scott. "Never!" was the reply, "I will die in my robes." I derive this fact, through an eminent opponent, from Gen. Kearney himself. Surrounded by an overwhelming force, Scott thus addressed his men. "Cau Greek or Roman story afford a parallel?" "Hull's ignominious surrender," he said, "must be retrieved. Let us, then, die, arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Who is ready for the sacrifice?" Hull's surrender was retrieved; their gallantry wiped out that stain; the first and last gallantry of our country; but Scott became the prisoner of the foe; and, amid the perils and privations of such a captivity, surrounded by British tyrants and Indian assassins, as he filed the first measure of his sacrifices for his country. For this I ask your votes for the patriot, and inquire in his own words at Queenstown, "Are you ready?"

Again Scott was free; again at the head of a gallant band of freemen; and again before a superior force of the enemy; for his were no holiday achievements; every laurel leaf upon his brow has cost many a death struggle. Lundy's Lane is one of the best fought fields in history. The sun went down upon the conflict, and the night wore on; the harvest moon struggling through the clouded heavens and fully lighting up the field where death was the only reward; and yet volley answered volley, deafening Niagara, and the clash of bayonets and the shrieks and shouts of the combatants still made night hideous. Scott was the very spirit of the battle-storm. His tall form was seen, crimson with blood, in every desperate eddy of the fight, and his clarion voice was heard above the wild din of the conflict. He thrived victory, and conquered against fate. And when, covered with wounds supposed to be mortal, he fell, his last words were orders to charge, and his last effort a murmured shout of victory. For this I ask your votes. Let the people give but one suffrage for each drop of blood that gushed from his gored bosom; poured out for them and theirs; and the debt of gratitude will, at least in part, be paid; posterity will do the rest.

I have no time to follow Scott up to the period of the Mexican war. Forty years of service in camp and council have passed over him; but the vow of the youthful enthusiast is still the rule of the hoary patriot; he is still and over all his country's. Glorious deeds had been done on the Rio Grande and in Northern Mexico; but the nation had advanced not a step towards the achievement of a peace. Gen. Scott proposed a renewal of the adventurous march of Cortez; but the scene had changed, and where

the Spanish vessels had moved peacefully, the castle of San Juan now frowned defiance; and instead of friendly Utlasians and feeble Aztecs, the American General must encounter an armed and powerful empire, a country impregnable by nature, skillfully fortified, and ably and obstinately defended. The difficulties seemed insuperable, and his project was denounced as romantic madness. Napoleon once disclosed a military plan to one of his staff; "it is impossible," said his friend. "I see no means of its achievement." Napoleon led him to a window, and pointed to the glowing mid-day sky, asked, "do you see that star?" "No," was the reply. "I do," said the emperor, and it was his only answer. Gen. Scott thus saw the star, hidden from feeble visions, which was to light and guide him on his path of glory. The administration long withheld their sanction; but they had no other hope; Scott alone could save them; and at length they grudgingly acceded. For that plan, so full of genius and wisdom, now the glory of our history and the wonder of the world, and for its sole author, Winfield Scott, do I ask your gratitude and support.

I will not characterize that campaign—I cannot; but you have it—the world has it by heart. Never was the precious and comprehensive weight of human genius more wonderfully displayed than by Scott in its preparation and execution. Every difficulty was foreseen, every contingency provided for. This plan was worked out like a problem in Euclid. But we cannot follow him in his eagle flight from the surf of the bowled towers of Vera Cruz and the startled cliffs of Cerro Gordo, from miracle to miracle, from victory to victory, over conquered impossibilities and crushed thousands, to the captured capital. But you will remember the universal anxiety felt here at home, when he descended into the valley of Mexico; when, his communications destroyed, his army disappeared among enemies ten-fold his superior in all save courage and conduct. Weeks and weeks elapsed and not a word was heard of them.—The suspense grew agonizing, we watched—as friends watch the dark waves in which a daring diver has plunged, but from which he does not emerge. While lips whispered, "he has lost! He has perished!" And the response was how can it be otherwise, with a force so inadequate, against a foe so formidable? At length when overthrown terror became despair, the tidings burst upon us—a torrent of glory.

Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey were won, and how flustered our flags, how blazed our bon fires, and how uprose our shouts, again and again, when we learned that our noble arm bivouacked in the plaza of the capital; and beneath the stars and stripes, as they waved above the triumphs of Cortez, stood Winfield Scott, the laureled conqueror of Mexico. I stand beneath that banner now—a brighter glory has ever since gleamed from its stars; and pointing to those fields of fame, I ask, in the name and by the authority of those achievements, unequalled in grandeur and glory, I ask your votes for Gen. Scott.

It is impossible briefly to sketch that campaign. Its battles are so many and glorious, that they mingle their light, as the stars which from the galaxy melt together and cast a stream of glory across the heavens. But this is Churubusco's day; and the ocean in its time, "Will stand on tip-toe when this day is named."

Instead of one battle, its achievements comprise five distinct battles and five illustrious victories. Time itself looks back upon no such one day. Our army was but 8,500 strong, and was engaged, on foot and in the open field and before the strongest fortifications, with 32,000 men, well disciplined, armed and commanded. It made 3000 prisoners, and killed and wounded 4000 of the enemy. Any one of these five victories—brilliantly gloriously strung together and daintily bound upon the fair bow of our country—any one would have struck the world with wonder; together they suggest credulity, and raise a monument of American heroism that will stand till our mountains melt into the plain. We meet to celebrate that victory of victories, and we cannot forget the patriot hero to whom we owe it—who never doubted and never erred—who never stumbled and never faltered—the noble nature,—"I quote the poet literally.)

"Whom passions could not shake, whose soul—id virtue  
The shot of accident, or dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce."

Had the life of Scott known but that one day of glory, for that alone I would ask, and you could not, in justice and gratitude, deny, your suffrages.

And how were those services, countless and inestimable, rewarded? Who does not blush over that page of history? The veteran victor was stripped of the command of that army he had led in triumph—was accused and treated as a malefactor, and was dragged to a shameful trial for the high offence—it was his only one—of having deceived his country with glory. And what did the hero—at the head of a victorious army—under this unprecedented outrage and wrong? Lion like to the foe, he was meek and lowly to the laws and authorities of his country. The magnanimity of Agassius, of Hannibal and of Belshazzar, in bowing to a harsh authority and resigning a career of glory, was applauded to the echo; but even more illustrious was the noble submission of our own great-hearted patriot, for his was a deeper and a darker wrong. His example of deference to the law is more glorious and of more substantial value than even his victories—and it is for you to reward it. The cruelty of that deliberate wrong to proud and lofty innocence, it is yours to redress; the reproach of that base ingratitude to a national benefactor, it is yours to wipe away. And therefore do I ask your votes for Winfield Scott.

Pending that persecution, Scott was visited by a temptation, which who but Scott would have resisted? The people of Mexico, appreciating the virtues even of a foe, offered him a million and a quarter of dollars in cash and the chief magistracy of the country. They asked no wrong to his own Government. Com. Porter had established a precedent of acceptance.—Scott was persecuted—his life-long devotion rewarded with disgrace—this would redress him. Like Aristotle, his probity in office had kept him poor—this would enrich him. His foe had stripped him of his station—this would confer a loftier one—a place among princes. Of course he accepted an offer so brilliant. Why should he not? Far from it. He at least hesitated! Not a moment. "My life"—such was his sub-

lime answer—"belongs to my country. I would rather be her humblest servant than the monarch of earth's richest empire. I would, I will still cling to her, persecuted, wronged, requited with contumely and disgrace, it will yet be my glory to love and cherish her, to serve and suffer, to live and die, for her! Is not this man worthy of your votes? Would you not be worthy of him if you denied them? For this I ask your suffrage."

Glorious as has been his military career, the civil life and services of Scott equally claim your admiration and gratitude. He is, and has ever been, the friend and advocate of peace.—His letter to the Peace Convention avows his opposition to unnecessary war, and his life approves that profession. You struck for independence—a cause to which American hearts must give a throbbing and thrill of sympathy.—That sympathy was met by British arrogance; and an American boat was fired, by an invading soldiery, in an American port, and—while the flames rose above the bodies of slaughtered Americans—down the Niagara and over the cataract. The war spirit on the frontier shot up like a bale fire. Collision seemed inevitable. What politician, what diplomatist was then found adequate to the crisis? Scott alone was considered, by a Democratic administration, capable of averting the storm. He did avert it. Without army, without aid, singly, by dint of his own wisdom and eloquence, he saved the country from a war, which had it come, would have strained her every sinew in cracking, and made her every pore sweat blood. Which of your boasted civilians can point to such a triumph? I ask for that triumph, your votes.

Again, on the No-theastern frontier, in 1839, the troops of England and of this country were actually in the field against each other. One drop of blood then shed would have sluiced seas of blood. Again a Democratic Administration had recourse to the civil abilities of Scott—for who then dared to doubt them? And again he averted the conflict, extorting, by his talents and his triumph, the applause of all parties, and confirming in both countries his title as the Great Pacificator. In this character, as the apostle of Peace, and for these services, do I ask your votes for Gen. Scott.

The time-honored patriot claims your reverence as the champion of the Union—its earliest, steadiest and staunchest. No spot of the nation—no North, no South, no East, no West, can claim him as its own. His patriotic life has been spread, like sunlight over all the land he has loved, and served so long and well. In his youth, when the North plotted treason at Hartford, he shamed the malevolent spirit back to its den, by the glory of his victories on the line. In later years, when the South renewed the dark example, at Charleston, with nullification, he was again interposed to save the Union. The patriot Jackson was then at the head of the government; and in that dark hour, for it was dark as another night piled upon midnight, where did he look for one whose lofty civil and military qualities and devoted patriotism he could trust to avert fraternal war? Our land had many great men; but his sagacity directed him to Scott. He sent him to the scene of excitement and danger; and with his giant hand upon the helm, all was safe. The first intellectual of the nation united in applauding his invaluable services; and the magnanimous Jackson, through the Secretary of War, Gen. Cass, expressed his high admiration and acknowledged his profound gratitude and that of the country. Will any Democrat deny the merit which Jackson applauded? Or withhold the gratitude which he bestowed? Under the sanction then, of the great name of Andrew Jackson, I ask your votes for Gen. Scott.

And in the earliest peril of the Union, where was Scott? Earliest by the side of its ablest defender, the illustrious Henry Clay—Clay, whose pure and mighty spirit, when it had achieved its last and loftiest triumph, bore on up to Washington the glad tidings that his country was saved. By the side of Clay, Scott labored earnestly and effectually, day and night for the compromise, and when it had passed, he received, for his early, ardent and constant championship, the grateful thanks of the departing patriot. For that devotion to the union which merited and won Clay's admiration and gratitude, I ask yours.

Such has been the entire career of Scott—ever the friend of peace, of Union, of humanity. Our greatest warrior is our calmest sage. Our bravest hero is the gentlest, most humane of men, one who would not win the laurels that he had built first on Caesar's brow, at the price of one unnecessary tear. That spirit made him the father of his soldiers, and even the pitying friend of a conquered foe. Witness the cheerful scenes in the camp at Chicago, when peaceful smiles smote the army, and those who braved death at the cannon's mouth, flid appaled at his new horror. Scott was their general, not their surgeon; of course he retired to safer quarters, and left the sick and dying to the care of those provided for the duty. He was incapable of the thought. Let us look in upon one of these scenes then so fearfully common. On the naked floor of one of the army huts is stretched a dying soldier, deserted by all save one, for it is the saturnalia of death—death in the fated air—death in the shriek of the convulsed sufferers—death in the fixed distortions of those who have ceased to suffer; yet there, in that scene of accumulated horrors, a tall form bends over the dying soldier, holds the cup to his ashy lips, and utters words of kindness in tones of cheerful consolation. It is too late; the sufferer gives to his ministering friend a last, and message for his distant family; grasps his hand, looks up with earnest gratitude, breathes a feeble blessing upon his benefactor, and sinks back, never again to be aroused till called up to the last review. Now, what holy enthusiast, solicitous for martyrdom, is he who thus labors under the dark shadow of the wings of the pestilence? Name him, that we may bless him. It is the youth that vowed himself to his country; it is the hero whose red bosom pressed the sod of Lundy's Lane; it is the veteran who swept over the battle-fields of Mexico; it is the next President of the United States—Winfield Scott.

His entire life is filled with evidences of this noble humanity. Witness his interposition to serve his Irish fellow captives in Canada, and his heroic declaration, backed afterwards by an act of Congress—"Harm but a hair of the head of these poor Irishmen, and our gibbets shall groan with English prisoners." And so he saved them. Witness his kindness to the unhappy, excited Cherokees, and to the wretched fugitives in the cruel Back Hawk war. Witness his efforts to spare blood at Vera Cruz, and

**The Law of Newspapers.**  
Subscribers, who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.  
2 If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.  
3 If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are sent, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, and ordered their paper discontinued.  
4 If subscribers remove to other places without notifying the publisher, and the paper is sent to a former address, they are held responsible.

before Mexico, and his noble declaration, "I would be unhappy if I won victory and fame by the unmanly sacrifice of a single, holy, human life." Witness his parental care of the wounded, and sick, amid the iron showers of the battle field or the pestilential horrors of the hospital. Such deeds, inferior than glory, win the applause of angels. For such deeds do I ask your votes for earth's noblest of heroes, the hero of humanity, Winfield Scott.

Of his rival's claims, on this score, we only know that he denied a fragmentary picture of glory to the widow of President Harrison.—His civility regarded not her sex, his humanity her all claims, his gratitude her claims; but he toiled, spoke, voted and fought—this was his first war—against the widow's trust. Yet one of his most distinguished friends urged his claims to the presidency on the ground that he gave a ragged boy a stick of candy. Lofly philanthropist! No wonder that the eventual day and its benevolent hero both became candied.

No less conclusive than Scott's claims as a patriot, are those which arise from the platform of principles which he represents, as contrasted with those of his opponents. His supporters are the friends of freedom—our own cherished, American freedom, as received from our fathers, in trust for posterity. Our opponents would stake that freedom upon a rash and guilty cast of the die in the European game of hazard.—Their filibustering would drive us into a crusade to force our institutions upon nations unworthy or unwilling to enjoy them. This mad experiment involves the violation of treaties—what care they?—and the insanity of warring against a world banded to resist and avenge such aggression. Can we conquer the world? And if not, what is the alternative? It is one which the patriot must regard with horror. Where will then be the world's freedom—where our own? The spirits of our fathers will ask us where? and, standing, in shackles, upon the grave of the earth's last hope, how shall we answer? Yet these wild counsels contemplate the absorption of Canada and Mexico, Jamaica and Cuba, South America and the Sandwich Islands. And this, remember, is not the mouthed madness of brawling bachelors merely—it is the proclaimed doctrine of their chief men—proclaimed in high places. Against this, the Whig party is the country's sole protection; and therefore do we ask you to support the policy of peace, right and virtue, of Washington, Clay and Scott.

Nor is the domestic policy of our opponents less reckless and destructive. Our revolutionary justies were fought mainly to secure the independence of American labor. But the followers of Pierce sell the creed of our fathers backwards. The old time of sacrifices are disregarded; and the Declaration of Independence is virtually revoked. We are made again, and more than ever, colonies of Great Britain. What reck the free trade partisans of England that protection was a policy twin born with our nation; that it was sanctioned by all our glorious line of national patriarchy; and that its wholesome fruits were a hearty independence, a solid prosperity, and an universal content. English politicians drafted the Anglo-American Tariff of 1849; and its provisions were known earlier in London than in Washington. Its consequences were foreseen and predicted; how fearfully those forebodings have been realized, need not be said in deceived and plundered Pennsylvania—as well tell a man pondering and the tombs that death is in the world. The honest sentiment of the whole land protests, but in vain, against the present system. England decrees and Locofocoism obeys. Mr. Pierce is pledged to that obedience; and therefore the English press unanimously and arrogantly advocates his election, on the avowed ground that he is "the ally of English interests." The ally of England—such is the insulting declaration. The would be President of the United States the instrument and ally of her rival and oppressor! Will you sanction this outrage and infamy? Dare you sanction it and look your free born children in the face! Winfield Scott is the friend of American industry, of its protection, its independence and prosperity. He has heretofore protected us against English insolence and wrong; we can trust him with the task again.

Upon such grounds do I ask your votes for Gen. Scott. Are they not sufficient? Whose public career is more glorious? All his aims in life have been large and lofty—all his deeds pure and noble. True, he refused to murder General Jackson by the duel, and it is impud to him as a grievous fault; but I have yet to learn that the species of homicide is enjoined by our statutes, or required by your code of morals. If not, permit me to say, that the man who doubts the courage of the sacred hero of Lundy's Lane, is simply a pitiable idiot; and that he who laments that the right hand of Winfield Scott is not crimsoned with the blood of Andrew Jackson, is a wretch, whom it were gross flattery to call a miscreant.

True it is, also, that like Washington, he is a military chieftain, and that he has been guilty of pouring forth his blood, like water, in defence of his country. He has loved his native land, and his devotion has been certified upon his bosom by the weapons of his foes; but if this be criminal, Pennsylvania herself is not guiltless, for, in the time that tried men's souls, her noble breast was one vast wound. When this is regarded as a crime, what shall we cherish as a virtue? But Winfield Scott needs no apology. I plead not for the hero and patriot. His election is due, not so much to him, as to yourselves; it is not necessary for his interests; he never cared for them; but for those of the people; not for his fame; it belongs to history, and is safe; but for our country's. While Niagara's thunder hymn is raised to heaven, his glory will not want a voice; while Mexico's snow-crowned Popocatepetl props the sky, his fame will never need a monument.

REMARKABLE.—We were yesterday shown, by Mr. C. A. Shelton, the cutting from a paper tree which was packed in a box at Valparaiso for this market, and which on its passage, blossomed and bore fruit as large as a walnut. What is most singular is, that there was no earth in the box, neither was it in a position to gather any moisture.—*San Francisco Whig.*

THANKS arrived at New York on the 14th, 15th and 16th, no less than 8102 emigrants—the largest number during the past two years in the same space of time.